

Sam Heikell
Allegorical Narrative

Remember Where You Came From

“What kind of tree is that?” Daniel Bjork asked his father one day as they came across a tree while walking in a neighborhood park.

“Now that is a palm tree, the only one in our town. It’s probably the only one you will ever see in your life,” Daniel’s father responded. Everyone in town would come to see that tree, and they would take off their fremennik helmets to show their respect to it. They cherished all of the nature and were very proud of their viking culture. In the town of many vikings, it was winter all year long and all of the trees in the region were evergreens, except this one lone palm tree. Everyone wondered how did it get here, and how is it surviving here?

Daniel’s father was a fisherman and his mother was a basket weaver. For dinner, Daniel’s mother made her homemade lutefisk and dried herring. But later that evening, Daniel went on a walk by himself in the park of discoveries and thought about what his father had said to him earlier. The possibility of that actually being the only palm tree that he ever sees in his life made him worry about what his future was going to be like. Living in a society of just vikings, he wouldn’t be able to see the world or be important. As he walked to the top on the hill of many sunsets, he looked across the water and at the mountains. The mountains were bulging out of the sky and wrapped around the whole horizon, almost like a wall. Daniel worried that he would never get across those mountains. More and more he wanted to be a modern american.

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“Son, would you like to come with me back to my old town? My company is putting in a new mall,” Daniel asked his son Timmy one day.

“Sure Dad. Will there be a ton of vikings there?” his son replied.

“I’m not sure, I haven’t been back there since Grandma and Grandpa passed away.”

As they drove over the mountains, Daniel’s big SUV roared and a cloud of black smoke come out of the muffler. As they arrived in the town of many vikings, Daniel was quick to notice the changes that the town has undergone in the last decade. “Let me show you a couple places around town where I grew up,” Daniel told Timmy. Together they drove up to the park of discoveries and it wasn’t at all how Daniel had remembered it. Instead of trees covering the land, it was full of houses that were in the process of being made.

While they were walking through the soon to be neighborhood, Timmy noticed a sign that read: Bjork Real Estate. He realized that every house in the neighborhood had a Bjork Real Estate sign. Timmy also noticed that there was non-viking people walking around, looking at the new housing developments. He remembered what his grandparents had told him about their town when Timmy was little. “We always cherish our culture, and our land. Once a viking, always a viking.”

Soon Timmy and Daniel arrived at the town’s sacred palm tree and to their surprise, there was a crowd of angry vikings that were defending the tree from the construction crew.

“What is going on here?,” Daniel yelled at the construction workers.

“We are clearing out the last of the trees to make room for that new shopping mall you ordered,” a worker replied. “But these savages won’t budge.”

“Just bulldoze them all with it,” Daniel ordered. The construction worker started up the engine and drove the bulldozer right into the crowd of angry vikings. But the vikings stood their ground.

“Are you sure you want to do this?,” the worker asked Daniel.

“Go ahead.” Daniel replied. But Timmy couldn’t take it any longer.

“Dad, wait stop!,” Timmy yelled at his father. “Don’t you see? You are ruining these vikings environment, town, and their lives.” Daniel quickly turned around to see his son, wearing a viking hat. He realized

what he was doing to the town of many vikings, and he realized that this was his town after all, it was his roots.

“Stop!,” Daniel yelled at the construction workers.